

## THE SWEATIEST THEOLOGIANS

at 4:48 we are awakened by  
a 7.4 earthquake. it lasts seemingly  
forever. it gives the house a  
damn  
good shaking but, since the epicenter  
is a hundred miles away in yucca valley,  
it does no visible damage.

three hours later, a 6.5 earthquake  
arrives. i don't even bother getting  
out of bed for this one. then, when  
t.v. transmission is restored, i learn  
that its epicenter was big bear. we own  
a cabin at big bear. cabins are burning  
from gas leaks. fireplaces have crumbled.  
all the phone lines are busy.

i also have a foot, ankle, and leg so  
swollen and painful that for a month i  
have been barely able to walk. but  
i have resolved to go to the ymca pool  
and at least try to get the circulation  
going.

when i get to the locker room  
a young guy and an old guy  
are debating whether the seeming  
increase in the frequency of earthquakes  
over the last few years signals the  
approach of armageddon. frankly i hope  
so.

## SHRINKING VIOLETS

"i guess," she says, having  
failed an audition to become  
a professional singer, "i'll just  
have to remain a humble poet."

"you know," i tell her, "i've  
known a lot of poets, many of them  
fairly well, and among the many  
virtues conspicuously absent from  
their character profiles,  
humility may be the most widespread."

— Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA